"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 11.] NOVEMBER, 1864. [PRICE 1½d.

THE MARTYR OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

IT was midnight; the drifting clouds fled across the sky, as if chased by some unhallowed spirit, now piling themselves up mountain-like, opposing all their force to the invisible enemy, now scattering in flight, leaving openings in the clear blue sky, through which looked down the quiet stars upon the hushed city of Vienna. Intense repose brooded over the place, but could the watchers from the starry worlds have possessed space-penetrating power enough, they would have perceived at least one anxious being who was gazing on the unquiet sky with the deep interest of him who hangs upon the clouds for life or death, freedom or captivity.

Near the outskirts of the city rose a massive structure, gloomy and dungeon-like; its barred windows and high walls bespoke its nature; it was the prison-house of the Inquisition, that dread place whose gates, when once closed upon the unhappy accused, rarely again opened to them, unless unlocked by the sacrifice of the priceless treasure of conscience and true faith. In one of its most comfortable apartments, now paced backwards and forwards one who had been imprisoned on the charge of the heinous heresy of denying the Holy Trinity and other marvels of the Athanasian Creed. With firm yet unequal steps he trod the narrow limits within which he was confined. Now he paused at the door to listen to the weary tread of the sentinel who walked the rounds of the prison corridors. Then he watched eagerly from the long and narrow window the restless clouds, as the wind drove them hither and thither, and then with eyes suddenly cast down he would seem to be measuring the distance to the ground.

His room looked out upon a small garden which formed the back of the prison, and which he knew was deeply ditched around. He had marked in his daily watchings every peculiarity in the ground, and he now but waited for the security of the after midnight hour to attempt his escape. With a beating heart he heard the call of the city sentinel, which told him the wished-for time had come. Soon every sound ceased in the prison, the footfall of the guard was no longer heard, and the hush of death prevailed.

The eager watcher then bound around his waist a loose cloak, placed in his bosom a small book which he drew from a place of concealment under his bed,—it was a copy of the New Testament,—which had revealed to his inquiring mind the pure and precious truths for which he was now suffering. With noiseless step he went to the window, and with a quiet but strong hand he removed the bars which it had been the labour of some time for him to loosen. One slipped from his grasp, and as it rang upon the floor with an echoing clang, the prisoner pressed his hands to his forehead with an expression of despairing agony; he hardly dared breathe, so intense was his fear; and when he heard the heavy step of the sentinel hastily aroused from his slumbers, when it approached just opposite his door, stopped, and the rattling of keys intimated that the watchful warder was about to enter his room, he would have willingly given up all hope of freedom, for the promise of assured escape from detection of his rash attempt to secure his own freedom; but the deep silence seemed to reassure the sentinel, for after a few moments he proceeded on

his round, but for some time he paced back and forth, as if distrust still lingered in his mind; finally the steps grew fainter and fainter and soon ceased altogether, and then the prisoner breathed more freely.

After waiting a little while to be assured there was no further danger of interruption, he succeeded in removing the rest of the bars, then tied together his bed-clothes, fastened them to the window, and thus dropped himself noiselessly into the garden. The friendly clouds were now gathered about the moon, leaving just light enough for him to mark his course. He soon reached the ditch, and here another difficulty awaited him; it was not so wide but a vigorous leap would carry him over it, but he dreaded lest the sound should arouse some of the sentinels he knew were posted in some quarters—where, he could not exactly tell. He thought it best, as it seemed rugged and uneven, to creep down one side and up the other; after some difficulty the feat was accomplished, and Servetus, for he it was, found himself in comparative safety, outside not only of the prison bounds, but of the city which had proved so fatal to him. He paused but to offer up one prayer of devout thankfulness, and then sped on his way, feeling the importance of every hour.

On he went till the glorious sun rose above the distant mountains, and he knew that then, at that very moment, his flight must be discovered, and immediate pursuit would follow. He was, however, two or three hours in advance of his pursuers, and he thought for a time he could keep on his way, as even mounted they could not immediately overtake him, but he dared not trust himself very long in the open road, and he soon withdrew into the forests, and, shielded with its solitary depths where no passer-by could find him, he rested in quiet security. There he heard from afar the tramp of horses, shouts and eager voices, those he knew that must be in pursuit of him, but they had not the Indian sagacity to guide them, and they failed to track his path. When night came, he resumed his course, refreshed only by a draught of cold water and some of the coarse wheaten bread he had saved from his prison fare, and concealed about him against an emergency like the present.

For many weary days he continued his journey, sometimes resting at the house of a friend, in some of the little villages through which he passed; but so great was the dread of the power of the Inquisition, that even those friends who were most attached to him seemed to give fearfully and almost reluctantly the shelter and refreshment he required. Servetus had quite time to reflect upon the past and mature his plans for the future, and he determined to retire to Naples, and there to live in a quiet, obscure manner, and not to bring himself again before the world in such an obnoxious way, but to be content with the enjoyment of his own faith without attempting to reform that of others. Happy was the freed prisoner when he found himself out of the Austrian dominions, and within the borders of free Switzerland, free in name, and yet hardly more free in reality than the papal countries, for it was bending itself under the yoke of the stern and inflexible Calvin, who with iron brow, and heart tempered in the white heat of frantic zeal till it was steeled to every whispering of humanity, ruled with almost despotic power over the Protestant Cantons of Switzerland.

Servetus paused upon the borders to decide upon his course; he was determined to go to Naples; still a strange infatuation possessed him to go to Geneva; he felt an irresistible inclination to see and converse with Calvin once again. For years he had corresponded with him, he knew his deadly hatred to the theological views which, born of an earnest mind and matured by the closest investigation and comparison of the Holy Word, had become a part of his very being. He could not hope by his arguments to overcome this trained doctrinal gladiator, but he thought he had in him a generous antagonist, who would sympathize with him in the persecution he had received from the power he deemed as much opposed to Calvin as himself. He knew not that it was Calvin's hand that directed the Inquisitorial eyes upon him—that it was Calvin who informed the magistrates of Vienna that he had written the "Christianismi Restitutio," which rendered him

liable to their laws. No! the generous nature of Servetus could never have believed that he who called himself a Reformer,—aye, and a minister of the peace-loving and forgiving Jesus,—could so far stoop to gratify revengeful feelings as to betray any person, much less one who had opened to him frankly each page of his doubting and inquiring mind, who had discoursed with him ever with a friendly though earnest spirit points of controversy which arose in their mutual investigation.

Therefore, without a doubt or fear as to the reception he should meet with, not an anxiety with regard to any personal danger he might be in, he entered Geneva, took lodgings in a humble inn, and wholly unsuspicious sought an interview with Calvin. The stern Reformer could scarcely conceal his surprise and chagrin at seeing the formidable contemner of his most beloved doctrines, whom he thought safely immured for life within the walls of the fatal prison of the Inquisition, free, and clinging with still more of conviction and pertinacity to the heresies for which he had already keenly suffered. He might, would he but have admitted it, have felt, that the seclusion of a prison was the best place to strike yet deeper the roots of any idea or principle that had once seized upon a mind like that of Servetus; but judging as Calvin did, looking upon the theological opinions of his opponent as the most dangerous which could be promulgated in the Christian world, as loosening the very foundation of all faith, he could not but deem it the rankest obstinacy in him to cling to them as he did.

Once more he went over the old arguments with him; every isolated text of Scripture which, wrenched from its true position, could be brought to bear upon the great and favourite doctrines of election and predestination, every argument on which could be rested the theory of the Atonement and the Trinity, were brought forward; the utter depravity of human nature, its horrible birthright, the dreadful heirloom received from the first of the race, was insisted upon with fearful vehemence. In vain Servetus brought answering texts,—in vain he pleaded that the whole spirit of the Bible, and not single passages, should be considered,—in vain he pleaded that our Father in heaven was indeed a Father, and not the stern inflexible iron *Judge*, the reflection of Calvin's own mind, whom he painted in such terrific colours as sent the children of earth from before his face, and led them to worship the Son with the reverence which should be given only to the Father.

Calvin's strong expressions and vivid picturings seemed almost blasphemy to Servetus, and they parted, with the impression on the latter that he had no longer a friend in the stern and uncompromising Genevan; but he did not know —he could not have believed, that his conversation with this inflexible man had only quickened into more active life a resolve which had long had place in his mind, matured by time and brooding upon the misdemeanours of Servetus, if he ever came within the limits of Geneva, to denounce him as a heretic and deliver him up to the "powers that be."—*C. Register.*

A CHILD'S ANSWER.

Once in a Sabbath school, a very little girl repeated the twenty-third Psalm very well, and so pleased a visitor who was present and heard her, that he kindly took a shilling from his pocket, and said, "This is for your little lesson, my child."

The child's eye flashed with delight on what she never, perhaps, had had in her possession before, and she clasped her hands tightly over her prize.

"Now," said her father, "I see a great many shops open in this quarter, though it is God's day. You must on no account spend that coin in any of them to-day, but keep it till to-morrow. You understand, I won't be with you to see you; but there is One who will see you, and find out at once if you break the Sabbath day."

The child was silent, but kept looking up in the speaker's face with a dark, thoughtful eye.

"Who will see you?" he asked after a pause.

"*Myself will see me*," said the child in an instant. She would disdain to lie or deceive, even when alone. She could never disgrace herself, though it was only in her own eyes.

Of course the visitor expected her to reply, "God will see me." Perhaps, after

all, it came to this, that God was so at home in the poor little heart that she knew no difference between His eye and her own eye. Can each child who reads this say so? Is God at home in your heart, and making it so pure and holy that you think it the most solemn thing to say, when you are tempted to sin, as that ragged child said, "*Myself will see me*"?

THE FUTURE LIFE—TESTIMONY OF ALL NATIONS.

The belief in a future life, from all we have learned of all nations and times, appears to be common to our whole race: as in water, face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man on this question of vital interest. The oldest literature breathes this hope, and the most modern work of note is inspired with the same spirit. The most barbarous nations as well as the highly enlightened and christianized—the great books or the Bibles of all nations as well as our own sacred histories, set forth this doctrine. And so firmly and clearly do some of the nations of the earth believe in a future life and recognition in a future state, that on the death of a near relative they say, in the language of the Feegeean wife, "I wish to die, that I may accompany my husband to the land where he has gone." Wives, children and servants, surrender themselves to death to rejoin those taken from them by death. This custom has been practised in more places than in India.

We have read a very interesting History of the Opinions of all Nations on a Future State, by Rev. W. R. Alger, one of our American ministers (published by Messrs. Whitfield, Green and Son, Strand, London): from this we are enabled to lay before our readers a few extracts on this subject which cannot fail to interest them. Let us commence with the inhabitants of our own country, the

Druids.

They possessed a body of science that contained with great clearness and authority a future life. The doctrine of transmigration was popular among them. They held such cheerful and attractive views of the future state, and with such earnestness, that they wept around the newborn child and smiled upon the corpse. They encountered death without fear or reluctance. They taught that the creation is yet in its infancy. The progressive operation of the providence of God will bring every being up from the Great Deep to the point of liberty, and will at last secure three things for them; namely, what is most beneficial, what is most desirable, and what is most beautiful. They held that the baseness of man may be so great, that he may sink to the lowest point of being, but he shall climb thence through a series of births best fitted to free him from his evil propensities. Though he may fall again and again for a million of ages, the path to happiness still remains open, and he shall at last infallibly arrive at his pre-ordained felicity.

The Greeks.

Among the Greeks the opinion was common, that Hades, "the dark dwelling of the joyless images of deceased mortals," is the destination of universal humanity. The Greeks did not view the banishment of the soul to Hades as a punishment for sin, but the inevitable fate of creatures who must die—man's natural destiny, and not an avenging judgment. The Elysian fields were portrayed as lying on the western margin of the earth. They were fringed with perpetual green, perfumed with the fragrance of flowers, and eternally fanned by refreshing breezes. They were often represented as the abode of a small number. At times we find all the honourable and virtuous are assured they shall find the Elysian fields, where the airs of the ocean breathe around the "isles of the Blessed."

Egyptians.

It is made evident from recent discoveries that the Egyptians placed in the coffin of the dead a long scroll of prayers, to be said as a passport of the soul to the regions of bliss. These prayers were to be recited before the several divinities the soul would meet on its journey. Every soul was to be tried in the hall of Justice, and the good were rewarded, while the evil were made to suffer terrible remedial punishments, confined often in the body of some loathsome animal, till all sins were expiated. Some were plunged in fire, some driven about and tossed with winds, and then another probation granted them.

Mohammedans.

The Mohammedan heaven is a very brilliant and luxurious place. At the entrance is a square lake whiter than milk or silver, and more fragrant than anything known to mortals. Whoever drinks of this never thirsts again. Then comes Paradise, an ecstatic dream of oriental pleasure, filled with sparkling streams, honeyed fountains, shady groves, precious stones, all flowers and fruit, blooming youths, black-eyed nymphs, fragrant incense, delightsome music, unbroken peace. The palaces of heaven are splendid places, built of gold and silver bricks laid in cement of musk and amber. The country around has hills of camphor, its earth is saffron, its pebbles are rubies and diamonds. Rivers of honey, wine and milk, flow through shady bowers and resplendent trees.

The Buddist Heaven.

"The state that is peaceful, free from body, from passion and from fear, whose birth or death is not." "Cessation from action and freedom from desire." The Buddist ideal is not self-annihilation, but self-universalization; it is not the absorption of a drop into the sea, but the dilatation of a drop to the sea. Buddism is perfect disinterestedness, absolute self-surrender. The Buddist books of Ceylon tell of a great number of heavens piled above each other, and a number of hells beneath each other. The sufferings in those hells are of a most terrific character. It appears that they teach that all living things are constantly interchanging, passing through from state to state, according to their deserts.

"The illustrious souls of great and virtuous men,
In godlike beings shall revive again;
But base and vicious spirits wind their way
In scorpions, vultures, sharks, and beasts of prey.

"The fair, the gay, the witty and the brave,
The fool, the coward, courtier, tyrant, slave,
Each one in a congenial form shall find
A proper dwelling for his wandering mind."

The Hindoo Heaven.

Beautiful groves full of fragrance and music, birds of gorgeous plumage, crystal streams, unruffled lakes, palaces of gems, crowds of friends and lovers, endless revelations of truth, boundless graspings of power; all that can stir and enchant the intellect, will, fancy and heart. In some of the heavens the residents have no bodily form, but enjoy purely spiritual pleasure. A Hindoo hell is an awful and terrific place of torment; every horror is pictured of physical suffering and mental agony.

North American Indians.

There has been found among all the various tribes of North America a ruling agreement in the cardinal features of their thought touching a future state of existence. Those who report their opinions ascribe to them a deep trust in a life to come, a cheerful view of its conditions, and a remarkable freedom from the dread of dying. Where the Indian is found believing in a devil and hell, it is the result of his intercourse with Europeans. The elements of horror are foreign to his original religion. For the most part, in the Indian faith, mercy swallows up the other attributes of the Great Spirit. The Indian dies without fear. He regards the Master of Breath not as a judge, but as a kind father. Death opens the door to a sweet land, a gorgeous region of soft shades, gliding streams, verdant groves waving in gentle airs, warbling birds, and herds of deer browsing on level plains. The Indian's heaven is like the earth in noiseless, solemn and beautiful change.

The Sioux Indians were in the habit of addressing the deceased at his burial, and imploring him to stay in his own place and not come back to trouble them. Many of the tribes believed the spirit would have a long journey to perform, and they provided in the coffin for them all that was necessary on the way. The Winnebagoes located paradise above, and called the Milky Way the "Road of the Dead." They said it was white with spirits on their journey. The Chippewas and other tribes lighted a fire above the grave for four nights to light the wandering spirits on their way.

The Mexicans.

The Mexicans have several curious notions about the future life. They say that the souls, neither good nor bad, whose virtues and vices balanced each other, were to enter a medium state of idleness and empty content. The wicked were sent to a dismal hell within the

earth. They believed in a higher and lower heaven. The souls of little children were employed around the altar of the chief temple. The spirits of the supremely brave and good passed on to the highest conditions of happiness, and that they were allowed to animate the bodies of birds of beautiful plumage, to live among the flowers as beautiful songsters, now amid the flowers of earth, now amid the flowers of heaven, trilling their songs of happiness as long as they desired.

NEGROES.

Among the Negroes of Africa there is a marked general agreement of belief on the survival of the soul. The Bushmen conceive the soul to be immortal and impalpable as a shadow, and are afraid of the return of spirits to haunt them. One traveller says that a native African would as soon doubt his present as his future state of being.

THE SCANDINAVIANS.

These warlike Norse men of Northern Europe had very strange ideas of hereafter. They believed that high up in the sky is Odin's Hall, the magnificent Valhalla or temple of the slain. A curious pastime they pictured for themselves in heaven. Each morning at the crowing of a large gold-combed cock, the well-armed elect of Odin rush through Valhalla's five hundred and forty doors into a great court-yard, and pass the day in merciless fighting. However pierced or hewn in pieces in those fearful encounters by day, at evening every wound is healed, and they return into the hall whole, and are seated according to their exploits at a luxurious feast. Fighting by day and feasting by night was the Scandinavian heaven for its heroes. They had another heaven for those of a feminine character.

CALEDONIANS.

The Caledonians, or people of North Britain, had picturesque traditions locating the habitation of ghosts in the air above the fog-draped mountains. They promised rewards for nothing but valour, and threatened punishments for nothing but cowardice. They had no knowledge of an under-world.

SANDWICH ISLANDERS.

The people have very confused ideas, and some very dreadful ones as well, of a future life. The current fancy is that the chiefs and good men are led up to heaven by a god called "The Eye-ball of the Sun," while lower or less worthy spirits are taken down into a dreadful under-world.

As a rule we may say, touching the belief of different nations on the locality of heaven, it is above, though this is, after all, not universal, as the following will shew.

THE ESQUIMAUX

place the future state of their abode under the earth, where all is peaceful and calm.

"Beneath tempestuous seas and fields of ice,
Their creed has placed a lowlier paradise."

They think of their employments and enjoyments as very similar to their present occupations. They believe all souls descend at death, and the first place under the earth is a place full of horror and torments. The good, courageous and skilful, soon pass through this to a lower region that gradually improves. And in the deepest mansions of the deep all is perfect calm and prosperity. There they are beneath the tempests of the ocean, where the sun is never obscured or never sets. Hell is deep, but the Esquimaux heaven is deeper still.

THE GREENLANDERS AND THE LAPLANDERS,

too, think of the situation of their paradise in some deep place beneath the ocean. And there the good spirit holds a happy reign, and an eternal summer blesses and smiles on every face. There is a little division of opinion among them, too, about the locality of heaven; for some of them fix the state of paradise in the sky, and they look with intense interest on the bright and beautiful northern lights skimming over the heavens and shooting through the blue ether, as the sportive dance of happy spirits: while others regarded the aurora borealis as the restless fate of the worthless, who were driven about pinched with hunger and plied with torment for their wicked lives.

THE KAMSTCHADALES.

The inhabitants of the most north-eastern point of Russia transfer their present thoughts and occupations into the future world. They spend their time here in fishing and hunting, and there

they think they shall never fish and hunt in vain. They regard paradise as some place under the earth, a beautiful Kamtschaka, where there are no poor and hungry people, no fire-spouting mountains, no bogs, no streams, no floods, no impassable snows, no toil and watching in vain. There they shall be freed from tormenting Cossacks and Russians, and be happy with their wives and families and dogs for evermore.

New Zealanders.

The New Zealanders imagine the souls of the dead go to a place beneath the earth called Reinga. But it also appears that they believe that the left eye of all their leading men, their chiefs and others, are carried up to the sky and then become stars. The other goes to Reinga, the place of the blessed below the earth.

It is delightful to find that among some nations the doctrine of universal restoration obtained a footing. And though we, through the Jewish nation, have received our doctrine of devils from the Persians, the following will shew their broad and happy views of the ultimate triumph of God over all evil and evil spirits. They taught a separation shall be made of the good and bad. The innocent shall weep over the guilty one, the guilty one shall weep for himself. Those who have not in the intermediate state fully expiated their sins, will, in sight of the whole creation, be remanded to the pit of punishment. But the author of evil shall not exult over them for ever. Their prison-house will soon be thrown open. The pangs of three terrible days and nights, equal to the agonies of nine thousand years, will purify all, even the worst of demons. The loathsome realm of darkness and torment shall be burnished and made a part of the all-inclusive Paradise. The Evil One (Ahriman), reclaimed to virtue, replenished with primal light, abjuring the sable standard of rebellion, shall become a ministering spirit of the Most High, and chant the praises of Time-without-bounds. All darkness, falsehood, suffering, shall utterly flee away, and the whole universe be filled by the illumination of good spirits blessed with fruitions of eternal delight.

THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

In a little seaport town of France there lived some years ago a good clergyman, whose duties led him among the old seamen of the place, who were too infirm and decrepid to carry on their occupations as sailors. His attention was also turned to the condition of the widows of such who had died in extreme poverty, many of whom obtained a wretched livelihood by begging, and had fallen into a degraded state of both body and soul. He soon felt, however, that to do any good to these miserable old women he must have the assistance of females, and it occurred to him that none were so suited to supply the needs of the very aged as the very young, if they could only be stimulated to the good work by the force of Christian zeal and charity. He accordingly communicated his ideas to two young girls whom he happened to know, who, being orphans, maintained themselves by the labour of their own hands, and he prevailed on them to adopt these poor neglected old people and take them under their care, as they might have done an aged mother or grandmother of their own. They entered into his plans, and took under their charge first one, then two, and then several of the most forlorn of these poor old women, and the blessing of God rested on their work. The old people rewarded their benefactors by a renewed life, as it were, of both body and soul, as well as by the most ardent gratitude. For such a class of persons in France there is not the same legal provision as in England, and they have not in age and misery the shelter even of a workhouse or union, but are dependent wholly on casual charity, and thus, spending their time in the streets soliciting alms, are apt to become degraded in mind and disregardful of all the decencies of life in their habits, if not actually vicious. A number of these infirm and sickly old women, who had been accustomed to sit begging at the doors of churches and corners of streets, were gathered into a large room hired for the purpose, and made clean and comfortable, while the two young women tended them with the gentle kindness of affectionate daughters; but as they had no funds for their support, the next step

which the good pastor induced his young disciples to take was to become beggars themselves—to go out into the streets to solicit alms in behalf of their adopted charge, from the fear that if these returned to their life of beggary they might perhaps relapse into their former sinful habits. This step was the most difficult of all to the young girls; but when they were convinced of its necessity to complete their good work, they took it courageously upon them. They went forth with a basket on their arms, and from door to door begged for food, clothing or money—anything, in fact, that people had to give them which could be of use to the old people under their charge. They had to encounter at first hard language and even ridicule; but when they endured all with quiet patience and continued to persevere in the spirit of self-sacrificing love, the derision was changed into admiration and the hard language into gifts, and a more liberal feeling was awakened towards the object of their labours. The good pastor now began to extend the sphere of these labours. He formed a sort of community of young girls willing and able so to devote their lives, taking upon themselves the name of "The Little Sisters of the Poor," and he sent them forth with a like object into other French towns—Rouen, Toulon, Lyons, Paris, &c. They went by twos or fours, and always began by hiring a couple of poor rooms and purchasing some bedding. Then they went out into the streets and gathered together the most miserable and neglected old people they could find, undertaking to beg for them. In almost every case their experience was the same—first derision and opprobrium, and then attention, admiration, and the most cheerful assistance. The huckster women at the stalls in the markets considered it soon as a right that the "Little Sisters" who were out collecting should come to them for the little stock of fruit or vegetables they had set aside for them, and if they passed without so doing they felt themselves ill-used, while at many large houses and hotels the "Little Sisters" were ordered to call on certain days in the week to receive such provision as could be set apart for their old protegées. The number of these places for their reception increased everywhere, and so did also the number of the "Little Sisters," and there was need. The first who had begun the good work had already broken down under the diseases which they had contracted in their life of fatigue and self-denial, and in appointing successors to them in the good work, all that was wanted was merely warm hearts, pious minds, willing hands and good health; and neither money nor rank nor family circumstances were wanted to give importance to the society of the "Little Sisters of the Poor." Many, therefore, came out of the houses of the poor themselves—from the crowded work-rooms of the needle-women, from among the dancers and actors in the theatres, and even from among those who led sinful callings, and who began themselves a new life by assisting the aged to close their lives well, while young girls also from the higher grades of society came to join them in their labours. We will continue our account in the words of Miss Bremer, the Swedish authoress, from whose book of Travels we have taken many of the above particulars.

"It is now about four years since 'The Little Sisters' first made their appearance in Brussels. They followed their usual system of providing in the first place a room for the old, and after that one for themselves, and great were their trials during the first year in a couple of small attics, where they suffered from heat in summer, and were frozen with cold in winter. Their labours came at last to the knowledge of the city authorities, and these, together with some kind-hearted citizens who knew the excellence and general beneficial effects of their labours, were filled with compassion for them, purchased a large house and garden, and made a present of them to 'the Little Sisters' and their old people. This they had now occupied for several months, the number of their inmates increasing to 100, while of the 'Little Sisters' there are ten. Among these latter is a young lady from one of the best families in Brussels. She had long hesitated about becoming one of the community, from the fear of being appointed a 'Begging Sister,' for whose labours she felt a strong repugnance. She was not, however, able to withstand the inward impulse; she

entered into the order of this 'Little Sisterhood,' and became—that which she dreaded—appointed immediately one of the Begging Sisters. Her pleasing appearance, retiring and refined manners, peculiarly qualified her to excite general goodwill. And now she went forth daily upon this her difficult work. Soon, however, it ceased to be so difficult. People knew her and the object for which she appeared among them. I saw from my window (of the Hôtel Windsor) one day a little low carriage, drawn by a donkey, with the words 'Little Sisters of the Poor' printed upon the linen covering which was stretched upon hoops over the cart. A young girl, dressed in a costume similar to that worn by the French Sisters of Charity, stepped lightly from the little vehicle and entered the hotel. I hastened down, certain that she was precisely the 'Little Sister' whose history I knew. I found her sitting silently waiting at the door of a large saloon. Her call at the hotel that day was expected, and a subscription had been made there preparatory to it. Her silent presence sufficed as prayer and exhortation—so that her little donkey-cart went away no doubt heavily laden for the aged. The following day I visited them in their new home, and during the hour of dinner. They were seated at a well-arranged table, clean in their own persons and well dressed. The meal consisted of substantial and savoury beef soup, veal and boiled rice, and each person had a good glass of beer. The 'Little Sisters' waited on them, and everything was done with perfect order and quietness. I went round the old women's table, and asked several of them how they were satisfied. In the sick room, which was remarkable for its order and excellent management, I saw an old woman quietly expiring, whilst two 'Little Sisters,' who reminded me of consoling angels, stood watching, the one at her head, the other at her feet. The preceding day they had celebrated the 100th birthday of a good old woman—had decorated her chair with flowers, and carried her with songs round the garden. She had been honoured like a beloved grandmother in a large family. Thus do the amiable 'Little Sisters' devote themselves to the forsaken old people—they make them happy, and if possible good. Doubtless they have to encounter many difficulties and disagreeables from the tempers and peculiarities and bad habits of the old folks, but are able to overcome all by patience, piety and good-humour; and for this, youth and earnest Christian feeling are needed—these and the good work itself are the talisman of their success. May it go onwards into eternity; and whilst it lifts the aged out of the filth of life, may it also prevent many of the young from sinking into it; for in this new daughterly calling they are consecrated as servants of the Lord—the greatest calling in the world, under whatever circumstances it may be carried out."

According to the statement of M. Knoepflin, in an account recently published of public charities in France, there were no less than 1000 "Little Sisters of the Poor" in France in the year 1860.

S. W.

MAZZINI ON "THE DUTIES OF MAN."

(*Continued from* p. 159.)

The Law.

"You live. Therefore you have a law of life. There is no life without its law. Whatsoever thing exists, exists in a certain method, according to certain conditions, and is governed by a certain law.

"God gave you life; God therefore gave you the law.

"God is the sole Lawgiver to the human race.

"He who shall best explain the law of God and best apply it to human things, is your legitimate ruler. Love him and follow him. But you have not, and cannot have, any Master save God himself. To accept any other is to be unfaithful and rebellious to Him.

"But your most important duties are *positive*. It is not enough *not to do:* you are bound to *act*. It is not enough to limit yourselves to not acting against the law: you are bound to act according to law. It is not enough not to do harm to your brethren: you are bound to do good to them.

"Hitherto morality has too often been presented to mankind in a form rather negative than affirmative. The interpreters of the law have said to us, 'Thou

shalt not kill; thou shalt not steal.' Few or none have taught us the active duties of man, how he may be useful to his fellow-creatures, and further the design of God in creation. Yet this is the primary aim of morals, and no individual can reach that aim by the light of conscience alone.

"A thinker of the past century has described humanity as *a man that lives and learns for ever*. Individuals die, but the amount of truth they have thought, and the sum of good they have done, dies not with them.

"The men who pass over their graves reap the benefit thereof, and humanity treasures it up.

"Humanity is the word, living in God. The spirit of God fecundates it, and manifests itself through it in greater purity and activity from epoch to epoch, now through the instrumentality of an individual, now through that of a people.

"From labour to labour, from belief to belief, humanity gradually acquires a clearer perception of its own life, of its own mission, of its God, and of His law.

"Humanity is the *successive* incarnation of God.

"The law of God is one, as God himself is *one;* but we only discover it article by article, line by line, according to the accumulated experience of the generations that have preceded us, and according to the extension and increased intensity of *association* among races, peoples and individuals.

"No man, no people, and no age, may pretend to have discovered the whole of the law. The moral law, the law of life, of humanity, can only be discovered in its entirety by all humanity united in holy association, when all the forces and all the faculties that constitute our human nature shall be developed and in action."

Duties towards Humanity.

"Your first duties, first, not as to time, but as to importance—because unless you understand these you can only imperfectly fulfil the rest—your first duties are towards humanity.

"You are fathers in order that you may educate men in the worship and fulfilment of the law of God.

"You are citizens, you have a country, in order that in a given and limited sphere of action, the concourse and assistance of a certain class of men already related to you by language, tendencies and customs, may enable you to labour more effectually for the good of *all men*, present and to come; a task in which your solitary effort would be lost, falling powerless and unheeded amid the immense multitude of your fellow-beings.

"You are men: that is to say, creatures capable of rational, social and intellectual progress *solely through the medium of association;* a progress to which none may assign a limit.

"God wills that you should fulfil His law not as individuals alone. Had He intended this He would have created you solitary.

"He wills that the law be fulfilled over the whole earth; among all the creatures He created after His own image.

"God wills that the Divine Idea of perfectibility and love which He has incarnated in the world, shall be revealed in ever-increasing brightness, and worshiped, through its gradual realization, by His creatures.

"Foremost and grandest amid the teachings of Christ were these two inseparable truths: *There is but one God—All men are the sons of God;* and the promulgation of these two truths changed the face of the world, and enlarged the moral circle to the confines of the inhabited globe. To the duties of men towards the family and country were added duties towards humanity. Man then learned that wheresoever there existed a human being, there existed a brother; a brother with a soul immortal as his own, destined like himself to ascend towards the Creator, and on whom he was bound to bestow love, a knowledge of the faith, and help and counsel when needed.

"We have yet to be convinced that we can only elevate ourselves towards God through the souls of our fellow-men, and that it is our duty to improve and purify them, even though they seek not such improvement and purification. And we have yet—since only by entire humanity can the design of God be fully accomplished here below—we have yet to substitute a work of *association* tend-

ing to elevate the mass, to the exercise of *charity* towards individuals, and to organize both the family and country to that aim.

"Therefore, my brothers, in the name of your duty, and for the sake of your interest, never forget that your first duties—duties without fulfilling which you cannot rightly fulfil those towards your country and family—are towards humanity."

Duties towards your Country.

"Your first duties—first as regards importance—are, as I have already told you, towards humanity. You are men before you are either citizens or fathers. If you do not embrace the whole human family in your affection, if you do not bear witness to your belief in the unity of that family, consequent upon the unity of God; and in that fraternity among the peoples which is destined to reduce that unity to action; if, wheresoever a fellow-creature suffers, or the dignity of human nature is violated by falsehood or tyranny, you are not ready, if able, to aid the unhappy, and do not feel called upon to combat, if able, for the redemption of the betrayed or oppressed,—you violate your law of life, you comprehend not that religion which will be the guide and blessing of the future.

"Your country is the sign of the mission God has given you to fulfil towards humanity. The faculties and forces of all her sons should be associated in the accomplishment of that mission.

"The true country is a community of free men and equals, bound together in fraternal concord to labour towards a common aim. You are bound to make it and maintain it such.

"The country is not an *aggregation*, but an *association*.

"There is therefore no true country without an uniform right. There is no true country where the uniformity of that right is violated by the existence of castes, privilege and inequality.

"There is but one sole legitimate privilege, the privilege of Genius when it reveals itself united with virtue. But this is a privilege given by God, and when you acknowledge it and follow its inspiration, you do so freely, exercising your own reason and your own choice.

"Be your country your temple, God at the summit, a people of equals at the base."

Duties towards the Family.

"The family is the heart's country. There is in the family an angel, possessed of a mysterious influence of grace, sweetness and love; an angel who renders our duties less arid and our sorrows less bitter. The only pure and unalloyed happiness, the only joys untainted by grief, granted to man on this earth, are—thanks be given to this angel!—the happiness and joys of the family. He who from some fatality of position has been unable to live the calm life of the family, sheltered beneath this angel's wing, has a shadow of sadness cast over his soul, and a void in his heart which none can fill, as I who write these pages for you know.

"This angel of the family is woman. Whether as mother, wife or sister, woman is the caress of existence, the soft sweetness of affection diffused over its fatigues, a reflex on the individual of that loving Providence which watches over humanity. She has in her a treasure of gentle consolation sufficient to soothe every sorrow. The child learns its first lesson of love from its mother's kiss. In the first sacred kiss of the beloved one, man learns the lesson of hope and faith in life; and hope and faith create that yearning after progress, and that power to achieve it step by step—that future, in short, whose living symbol is the infant, our link with the generations to come. It is through woman that the family, with its divine mystery of reproduction, points to eternity.

"Love and respect woman. Seek in her not merely a comfort, but a force, an inspiration, the redoubling of your intellectual and moral faculties.

"Cancel from your minds every idea of superiority over woman. You have none whatsoever.

"Long prejudice, an inferior education, and a perennial legal inequality and injustice, have created that *apparent* intellectual inferiority which has been converted into an argument of continued oppression.

"Love and reverence your parents. Let not the family that issues from you make you unmindful of that from which

you sprang. Too often do the new ties weaken the old, whereas they should be but another link in the chain of love that should unite the three generations of the family in one.

"Surround the gray hairs of your mother and father with tender affection and respectful care even to their last days. Strew their path to the tomb with flowers. Let your constant love shed a perfume of faith and immortality over their weary souls. And be the affection you bestow on your parents a pledge of that you shall receive from your own children.

"Parents, sisters, brothers, wives and children, be they all to you as branches springing from the same stem. Sanctify the family by unity of love, and make of it the temple wherein you unite to bear sacrifice to your country.

"I know not whether you will be happy if you act thus; but I do know that even in the midst of adversity you will find that serene peace of the heart, that repose of a tranquil conscience, which will give you strength in every trial, and cheer your souls with a glimpse of heavenly azure even in the darkest storm."

Education.

"God has created you susceptible of education; therefore it is your duty to educate yourselves as far as lies in your power; and it is your right that the society to which you belong shall not impede your education, but assist you in it, and supply you with the means thereof when you have them not.

"Without education, you are incapable of rightly choosing between good and evil; you cannot acquire a true knowledge of your rights; you cannot attain that participation in political life without which your complete social emancipation is impossible; you cannot arrive at a correct definition and comprehension of your own mission.

"Present directors of education imagine that they have fulfilled their duties towards you when they have opened a certain number of schools, distributed unequally over the territory they govern, and wherein your children *may* receive a certain degree of elementary instruction, consisting principally of reading, writing and arithmetic.

"Such teaching is properly called *instruction*, and it differs and is as distinct from true *education*, as the various organs of our existence differ and are distinct from our life. The organs of existence are not our life. They are the mere instruments of life and its means of manifestation; they neither govern nor direct it, but are equally the manifestation of life the holiest or the most corrupt; and just so does instruction provide the means of putting in practice that which is taught by education, but it can never take the place of education.

"Education addresses itself to the moral faculties, instruction to the intellect. The first develops in man the knowledge of his duties, the second gives him the capacity of achieving them. Without instruction, education would be too often inefficient; without education, instruction is a lever deprived of its fulcrum.

"You know how to read. What avails this knowledge if you are unfit to judge between the books containing error and those containing truth? You have learned to communicate your thoughts to your fellow-men in writing. What avails this knowledge, if your thoughts are the mere reflex of your own egotism?

"Instruction, like wealth, is either a source of good or of evil according to the manner and motive of its use. Consecrated to aid the progress of all, it is a means of civilization and of liberty; turned to mere personal uses, it becomes an agent of tyranny and corruption.

"Without a national education, the nation has no moral existence, for upon it alone can a national conscience be formed.

"Without a national education, common to all citizens, all equality of rights and duties is an unmeaning formula. All knowledge of duties, and all capacity for the exercise of rights, are left to the chances of fortune, or the arbitrary choice of those who select the teacher.

"The opponents of unity of education invoke Liberty in their support. The liberty of whom? In their system the moral liberty of the children is violated by the despotism of the father; the liberty of the young generation is sacrificed to the old; and liberty of progress is rendered an illusion."

ASSOCIATION—PROGRESS.

"God has created you social and progressive beings. It is therefore your duty to associate yourselves, and to progress as far as the sphere of activity in which circumstances have placed you will permit. You have a right to demand that the society to which you belong shall in no way impede your work of association and progress, but, on the contrary, shall assist you, and furnish you with the means of association and progress of which you stand in need.

"Liberty gives you the power of choosing between good and evil; that is to say, between duty and egotism. Education will teach you to choose rightly. Association will give you the means of reducing your choice to action. Progress, the *aim* by which you must be guided in your choice, is, at the same time, when visibly achieved, the proof that your choice was not mistaken.

"You have therefore to strive to realize all these conditions, and, above all, the right of association, without which both liberty and education are useless.

"The right of association is as sacred as religion itself, which is the association of souls. You are all the sons of God; you are therefore brothers. Who then may without guilt set limits to association, the communion among brothers?

"This word *communion*, which I have written advisedly, was taught us by Christianity, which the men of the past declared to be an immutable religion, but which is in fact a step in the scale of the religious manifestations of humanity.

"And it is a sacred word. It taught mankind that they were a single family of equals before God, and united master and servant in a single thought of salvation, of love, and of hope in heaven.

"It was an immense advance upon the preceding ages, when both philosophers and people believed the souls of citizens and the souls of slaves to be of different nature and race. And this mission alone would have sufficed to stamp the greatness of Christianity. The communion was the symbol of the equality and fraternity of souls, and it rested with humanity to amplify and develop the truth hidden under that symbol."

SPURGEON AND BAPTISMAL REGENERATION.

(A DIALOGUE.)

PHILOS.—I am much pleased with your sermon on "Baptismal Regeneration," Mr. S. It's a capital shot going with Saxon power right into the enemy's camp, and hitting with tremendous force the bull's-eye of Church-of-Englandism. I like your logic and liberality amazingly. You prove very conclusively that baptismal regeneration is no part of spiritual religion, but I am afraid there is some danger in your reasoning.

SPURGEON.—I am glad you approve of my sermon against that huge superstition of baptismal regeneration; it is the devil's own doctrine; it is the dear child of priestcraft—the rag of apostolic succession; and I mean to blow at it with the Tabernacle Armstrong gun, until this citadel of the State Church is in a blaze. I am not going to parley with this conglomeration of Puseyism, Evangelicalism and Colensoism any longer. I cannot be a Judas to my divine Master. I must fire away against this piece of popery. You say my reasoning is conclusive, and then hint about it being dangerous.

PHILOS.—I will tell you where the danger of your reasoning lies. You say that baptismal regeneration is no part of spiritual religion. Granted. But an Unitarian would say to you that the glorious Trinity was no part of spiritual religion; and he would tell you that not even the name was to be found in the Bible, and that the Jews shudder at the very idea of three gods. But, further, your reasoning would rob the church of three beautiful and humanizing dogmas. 1. Baptismal regeneration. 2. The holy Trinity. 3. An infinite hell of fire. Pause, sir, before you destroy these sacred pillars of the Christian temple. I fully agree with you: but be careful, brother, you don't aid the cause of those who trust too much to their "carnal reason." It's shocking to contemplate you bringing religion down to a common-sense standard. I know that some heretic, called Foster, has said, "that where mystery begins religion ends." This won't do. Besides, some impertinent reasoner will say, if there is no saving power in baptism, why do you half drown the people

in the Tabernacle pond? Why not give it up if it is only a relic of Judaism? As for it being an evidence of obedience, it is nothing of the sort; it is certainly an evidence of ceremonial obedience, but not of spiritual redemption from sin. If water won't save an infant as a means of grace it won't save an adult, therefore you might as well give it up, and take a firm stand upon the George Fox platform.

SPURGEON.—I don't see the force of your remarks. The question is, have I spoken the truth on the subject of baptismal regeneration? the consequence I leave with the Master I serve. Truth is never dangerous.

PHILOS.—I still maintain there is something exceedingly dangerous in your sermon. You affirm there is no connection between water and salvation; very good. But another man will maintain, by your process of reasoning, there is no connection between blood and moral purity. You say a sea of water will not wash away a single sin; another would say that it is impossible for blood to wash out moral stains, although it were an ocean of the richest human blood. But you reply, you don't mean actual blood, only blood applied in a mysterious and figurative sense; but those who believe in baptismal regeneration might answer, that they don't mean to affirm that water actually saves, only water applied in a figurative and mysterious sense. Don't you now perceive the danger which is involved in your logic?

SPURGEON.—I don't perceive the analogy.

PHILOS.—Perhaps not; but others will. Well, suppose I illustrate the danger of your sermon to orthodoxy in general in another way. You have proved that baptism is no part of spiritual religion in a clear, forcible manner; but in the same manner an opponent would prove that Calvinism is no part of Christianity. You hug the notion that God is a rectoral despot, and consider it a part of spiritual religion; but your opponent would prove that such an idea was an offspring of Augustine's vivid imagination, hardened into ugliness by the logic of John Calvin, therefore no part of spiritual religion. Then there is that figment of election, which must fall to the ground by your own reasoning: the last danger which I shall point out, which is likely to follow from such bold onslaught upon things so dear, so old and so sacred. If the kingdom of heaven is within us, farewell to that grand dogma of the absolute necessity of an innocent being dying to appease an angry God. Farewell to the sublime mysteries of priestcraft. But before you go any further, consult Sir Oracle of the *British Standard:* he is only a Dissenting pope, and he will guide you right. I am truly sorry to find that you are haunted by the ghost of Catholicism; but I do beg of you not to be frightened at so harmless an apparition. Such a ghost will do no more harm than the creation of Professor Pepper.—J. B.

"NAE STRIFE UP HERE."

IT is related that an old Scotch elder had once a serious dispute with his minister at an elders' meeting. He said some hard things, and almost broke the minister's heart. Afterward he went home, and the minister went home too. The next morning the elder came down, and his wife said to him—"Ye look very sad, Jan; what is the matter with ye?" "Ah," he replied, "you would look sad too if you had such a dream as I have. I dreamed I had been at the elders' meeting and had said some hard things, and grieved the minister; and when he went home I thought he died and went to heaven. And I thought afterward that I died too, and went up to heaven; and when I got to the gates of heaven, out came the minister, and put out his hands to take me, saying, 'Come along, Jan, there's nae strife up here—I am happy to see ye.'"

The elder went to his minister directly to beg his pardon, and found he was dead. The elder was so stricken by the blow, that two weeks after he also departed. "And I should not wonder," said he who related the incident, "if he did meet the minister at heaven's gate, and hear him say, 'Come along, Jan, there's nae strife up here.'"

Ah, no, they never quarrel in heaven; and when we let our feelings get on fire here, and use harsh words, and bitterness and malice cling to our hearts, we have not got the gospel spirit. The spirit that should belong to the church on earth is the same spirit of love that rules in heaven.—*Presbyter.*

GOD IS LOVE.

God is love! ye nations hear him;
God is love! adore, revere him;
God is love! ye need not *fear* him—
Yes, our God is love.
God is love, and He is holy:
He's not *false*—He loveth *truly*—
Loveth all the meek and lowly.
God is perfect love.

God is love! the angels sing it;
God is love! the green leaves fling it;
God is love! the bell-tones ring it;
God is light and love!
And the ocean as it foameth,
And the wild wind as it moaneth,
And each season when it cometh,
Tell us God is love.

Every passing breath of even,
Every object under heaven,
All the glory He hath given,
Whispers, "God is love."
Though the aching heart is sighing,
Though life's dearest hopes are dying,
There's an under-tone replying,
God is lasting love.

Yes, the clouds that float through ether,
And the stars that shine for ever,
E'en the *frost-chain and the fever*
Tell us God is love!
Can we then crush each desire
Bathed in holy, heavenly fire—
Ever reaching higher, higher,
To that God of love?

Oh, ye angels of salvation,
Strike your lyres through all creation,
Sing this chorus to each nation,
God is holy love!
Sound it till the earth shall startle,
Let it shine through death's dark portal,
Breathe it till it grows immortal—
God is light and love!

Agnes St. Aubrey.

MIRACLES.

If you look upon Jesus merely as having reached higher and seen farther than any other thinker of his age, as having anticipated even the best thoughts of our own day—in fine, as a masterly genius, this will seem enough for you while the shadow of death is remote from your person and dwelling. It is at such times very pleasant to think and talk about the intimations of immortality in nature and in the soul, and to feel that the same organs of research and discovery which Jesus had are yours. But when your child lies dead in your house; when a friend dear as your own being is wrestling with the death-angel, and on the point of yielding up his breath; when mounds in the grave-yard are all that remains to you of those from whom to part seemed like rending soul and body asunder; when the final summons sounds in your own ears, and the voice comes to you, "Put thy house in order, for thou shalt die and not live,"—then Jesus, as a philosopher of the unseen, as a suggestive thinker, as a wonderfully clear and far-seeing mortal, can give you no support or consolation. You then want his authority, his right to be believed. You need his works of omnipotent love. You need to behold the bier stopped on its way to the grave, the sepulchre yielding up its prey, the crucified walking in renewed life among those who saw him die. Then, and not till then, can you feel the power of those sublimest words ever uttered on the earth, which shall echo from grave to grave till the last of the dying shall have put on immortality—"I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die."—*Dr. Peabody.*

SPIRIT OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.

The spirit of the Lord's Prayer is beautiful. That form of petition breathes a filial spirit—"Father."

A catholic spirit—"Our Father."

A reverential spirit—"Hallowed be thy name."

A missionary spirit—"Thy kingdom come."

An obedient spirit—"Thy will be done on earth."

A dependent spirit—"Give us this day our daily bread."

A forgiving spirit—"And forgive our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us."

A cautious spirit—"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

A confidential and adoring spirit—"For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

THE EYE OF THE NEEDLE.—A recent traveller to the Holy Land informs us that there is at the side of the principal gate of Jerusalem a small one, which, upon occasions of great urgency, was opened for the admission of persons after the great gates of the city were closed for the night. This gate, from its small size, was called the Eye of the Needle; and to get a *camel* through it at all was no small task—for a *loaded* camel to pass was an utter impossibility. With the above fact before the mind, one can see that the words of our Saviour, when speaking of the "strait gate" and the "rich man," were more literal than many suppose. And we see how, as the rich man passes into the narrow way, the sides and the low top of the strait gate scrape everything from him in which he had before trusted. No one can take *anything* but himself through. Far easier is it to strip a camel of its burden, than to divest a rich man of his trust in riches.

MUSIC HEALTHFUL.—Music is like painting and statuary; it refines, and elevates, and ennobles. Song is the language of gladness, and it is the utterance of devotion. But coming lower down, it is physically beneficial; it rouses the circulation, wakens up the bodily energies, and diffuses life and animation around. Does a lazy man ever sing? Does a milk-and-water character ever strike a stirring note? Never. Song is the outlet of mental and physical activity, and increases both by its exercise. No child has completed a religious education who has not been taught to sing the songs of Zion. No part of our religious worship is sweeter than this. In David's day it was a practice and a study.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A CURED CLERGYMAN.—Clergymen sometimes have to be cured of bad faults. And what will cure a clergyman will generally cure any other man of the same faults. The clergyman referred to was a tobacco-chewer. He had become convinced that it was a bad habit, detrimental alike to his character and influence. But how to cure himself was the question. He resolved upon trying. He threw away his tobacco, and resorted to a full draught of very cold water every time he desired tobacco. This invariably checked the desire for the time, and weakened the base appetite, which at last completely yielded to this cold-water treatment.—*The Nation.*

CRINOLINES.—In this dress the female sex all look equally stout—young girls as well as old women; it looks like an open umbrella fastened round the waist, something with which neither nature nor nature's Creator had anything to do. Yes; in a thousand years women will not wear crinoline; its very name will never be mentioned. It will only be noticed in some very ancient works; and those who read them and see the pictures of the ladies of our days equipped in crinoline will cry, "Merciful heavens! what a ridiculous dress!"—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

BISHOP COLENSO AND THE BIBLE.—The Bishop of Natal has written to a Church paper to protest against "calumny" often repeated against him, of having denied the inspiration of the Bible. He says, "This is a calumny which has been often repeated, and which, I suppose, will be repeated unto the end by all those who are not careful to speak the strict truth. I once more protest emphatically against this unfair and unfounded charge. I have never denied the inspiration of the Bible. I have said this already in page 17 of my Part III., and I now repeat it; and I add further that none of my writings have given a shadow of reason for making such an assertion. I fully believe that the Bible is inspired, and I have spoken in my Part I., page 13, of the 'special working of God's Spirit on the minds of its writers.' But I do not believe that every statement of the Bible is so inspired as to be infallibly true. I do not believe, as the Bishop of Cape Town does, that 'the whole Bible,' every line and letter of the Chronicles, Esther, the Book of Job, is the unerring word of the living God."

WHAT STATE-CHURCHMEN THINK OF THEIR BISHOPS.—The fact that in the division on the recent vote of censure on the Ministry, all the bishops who voted, with but three exceptions, voted with the Government, has led the *Standard* to say of the bishops:—"The bench of bishops is filled with their [the Whigs'] creatures, who openly avow, with an elasticity of conscience to which only Epscopacy can attain, that they are bound to vote even for a falsehood rather than not magnify their makers."

VALLEY *v.* HELL.—King James set fifty-four bishops to translate the Bible. Do the present readers of the Bible understand what liberties those bishops took with sacred geography? There is a small valley running by the south wall of the city of Jerusalem. It was named after an ancient owner the "Valley of Hinnom." Our Lord and his apostles alluded to this valley about a dozen times in their speeches and writings. But without any explanation on their part, that valley, according to the wisdom of the English bishops, was no longer the "Valley of Hinnom." It was Hell! And, what is equally remarkable, the translators never discovered the fact till they began their labours on the New Testament! They found passage after passage in the Old Testament which referred to this valley, but they did not translate it "hell" in a single instance until they began their work on the New Testament.—*Christian Ambassador.*

UNITARIAN HAND-BOOK.—The third edition, *sixth thousand*, price One Shilling, sent *post free* by WHITFIELD, GREEN & SON, 178, Strand.

Communications for the Editor to be addressed to Rev. ROBERT SPEARS, 39, Stamford Street, S., and all Business Letters to WHITFIELD, GREEN & SON, 178, Strand, W.C.

Printed and Published by
WHITFIELD, GREEN & SON, 178, STRAND.